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SING SING.

TWO more convicts, one of them sergeant-at-arms of the Mutual Welfare League, stepped out of Sing Sing night before last and deemed it pleasanter not to return.

The ease with which they got out strongly reflects upon the vigilance of the prison officers.

The escape itself does not prove the Mutual Welfare League a fraud, nor does it "explode" the theories of Thomas Mott Osborne, Warden and reformer. As long as jail remains jail some of those inside are sure to leave without notice unless watched. Loyalty keeps few criminals behind bars.

What this, like other occurrences at Sing Sing, does indicate is the growing need in prison reform of checking good intentions with hard common sense.

To any one who has visited Sing Sing recently, who has noted the faces of the men—how a cleaner, healthier color has replaced the old pastiness and pallor, how signs of thought and purpose show in carriage and gait, how they walk with alertness instead of the old sullen, sullen dejection—there can be no doubt that the new system is doing something the old system utterly failed to do.

In view of physical conditions at Sing Sing the improvement in health is itself an extraordinary achievement. The prison structure—with its mephitic atmosphere and its two-bunk cells, measuring three and one-half feet between walls (!)—is what it long has been, a barbarous relic of mediaevalism that ought to be demolished to the last stone.

Publicity, as encouraged by Mr. Osborne, has done much for Sing Sing. It can do much more in drawing attention to needs which call for legislation or the expenditure of public money.

But publicity which makes press agents of the prisoners does harm. Here, we believe, is where the zeal of the prison reformers most needs restraint.

There is already too strong a sense of importance, too much self-pity and parade, too much footlight technique among Sing Sing prisoners who are constantly encouraged to exhibit themselves as "cases." Impressionable people who listen to their stories and thrill with indignation at the instances of human injustice disclosed by these "wonderfully intelligent convicts" do not stop to think that it was often the same fascinating talents exercised to cheat, rob, betray or ruin persons who trusted them that landed the possessors of these gifts where they are.

Some of the slickest talkers in the country are to be found in Sing Sing. What more natural?

Prison reform has needed public interest and public sympathy—to the point of over-emphasis—to get it fairly started. But we hope it will soon be able to go on alone, without appealing indiscriminately to sentiment that only tends to make its methods flabby and its results confused.

There is no reason why so many eyes should be on Sing Sing. It is not right that men whose acts have put them in jail should be made to feel that they are more interesting or deserve more sympathy than the unnoticed, patiently toiling citizen whose struggle with temptation has kept him an honest man.

Perhaps it was affinity that carried Nebraska for Henry Ford. He turns out a half million cranks per year.

WHAT'S CARRANZA UP TO?

MEANWHILE the situation in Mexico is more complicated than ever. Evidence goes to show that the body exhumed from its grave in the mountains was not that of Villa but only a Villa bandit. Gen. Gutierrez, of Carranza's army, believes Villa is not even wounded.

But whether Villa is alive or dead, the United States forces sent into Mexican territory to capture the brigand-murderer seem likely to be forced to forget they are a punitive expedition while they defend themselves against Carranza's troops. Apparently the First Chief and his generals are now frankly far less anxious to get Villa than they are to hustle the American cavalrymen out of Mexico.

According to latest reports Carranza officials are not only warning Gen. Pershing's men to advance no further, but are even holding up supplies shipped from El Paso to the American forces and forbidding the Americans the use of Mexican telephone and telegraph lines.

This is strange policy on the part of a de facto Government which owes its existence in large measure to the United States. Does Carranza now more than ever think to strengthen himself with the Mexican public by attempting to browbeat this nation at a moment when it has more serious problems elsewhere? Or is it possible that German influences have been at work to induce Carranza to set up an irritation that might help along Germany's game?

In either case he'll find the United States Government is not so easily flustered. It means to learn first of all exactly what's happening in Mexico. Major General Scott is in that neighborhood to gather such information as he can. When his report is in we shall better see what the job is and how we can do it with despatch.

Hits From Sharp Wits

Two are company and three a crowd, unless they are married, and then it is just the opposite.
When a man gets out his hammer, it's a pretty good sign that he has an axe to grind.—Columbia State.
If he makes a success in the city he is congratulated, and if he is a failure then he is always advised to return to the farm.—Macon News.
It takes two to make marriage a success, but only one to make it a failure.
There is one thing that may be said in favor of old-fashioned household remedies. There are many survivors.—Toledo Blade.

Our idea of a real offensive is the spring housecleaning drive.—Pittsburgh Gazette Times.

At most political dinners "chewing the rag" is the piece de resistance.—Deseret News.

A secret is usually something that many know and each one thinks he only knows.

Among the stray thoughts that come to every one is that of the possibility of inheriting a fortune from an unknown relative or friend.—Albany Journal.

To Fight for Peace

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By J. H. Cassel



The Week's Wash

By Martin Green

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WHAT'S the matter with this Columbia University professor who indorses the man who said "To hell with the American flag?" asked the head polisher.

"There's nothing the matter with him except what you might judge is the matter with a man who entertains such opinions," replied the laundry man. "He is educated beyond his storage capacity, and the contents of his think tank are fermenting."

"People of the habit of mind of this professor herd together. There was quite an assemblage of them at the Astor, and they applauded the professor. They have to herd together because nobody will listen to them but folk who think as they do, and they naturally gravitate toward each other, the same as coke flends and left-handed copy readers; also they do abhor to see their names in the papers. They have been known to call up all the editors in town to inquire if it was true that said editors had heard certain information about them."

"Home Pastor Stokes, for instance, made a speech the other night at a dinner of advanced thinkers at the Brevort. Advanced thinkers are people who think from the forehead out. Mrs. Stokes proclaimed that Emma Goldman was under indictment for delivering an instructive address on the subject of birth control. "The information made a profound impression on her hearers, as well it might. For Emma Goldman was not under indictment for delivering an address on birth control. Miss Goldman was under arrest for uttering objectionable language in the presence of a mixed audience in which were many children. Outside of the property of Miss Goldman, who is unmarried, speaking in public about birth control, the authorities of this city are charged with the protection of the morals of youth in public places, and Miss Goldman was sent to jail for fifteen days. Mrs. Stokes knew just as much about the status of Emma Goldman's case as the average community centre enthusiast knows about everything."

Henry and W. J.

THOSE Nebraska Republicans appear to think a whole lot of Henry," remarked the head polisher.

"Nearly everybody in Nebraska owns a fivever," said the laundry man, "and that may account for Mr. Ford's big vote. You see, when William Jennings Bryan set forth his ideas about how our country should prepare for warfare he described a system of wide boulevards, extending from coast to coast, fifty miles apart and joined by transverse boulevards. "On information that the enemy was approaching the Atlantic coast one million sturdy Americans would arm themselves with hot water hoses, red flannel shirts, dollar watches and other deadly weapons, leap into their fivevers and speed over the boulevards toward the foe. You can see what an obligation such a programme would place upon the people of Nebraska."

"They don't want to run their fivevers all the way to New York; therefore, they are against war. And inasmuch as Henry is against war they are for Henry. Furthermore, the Nebraska primaries built another political black eye on Col. Roosevelt, for Nebraska is a Republican State on national issues. If the people out there won't have him in the primaries they don't want him in the White House. And the sentiment of Nebraska comes pretty close to being the sentiment of the Middle West."

Play It Two Ways.

"SEE, however," said the head polisher, "that a prophet from Paris, on arriving here Thursday, announced that there will be an H. L. and T. in the name of the next President."

"Well," said the laundry man, "that prophecy doesn't bar Thomas Woodrow Wilson, which is the President's full moniker."

He that complies against his will is of his own opinion still.—BUTLER.

"The Dove's-Eye View"

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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THE "other woman" in the case of the man who poisoned his wife's parents is being defended by her husband. He terms her a "dove among crows." By "crows," does he mean the people who criticize?

"This is the 'dove' who accepted a \$2,000 ring from the poisoner 'with child-like innocence.' When the husband was asked how one could know a lady-dove from a crow, he replied: 'I know her by her wide-open trustful eyes, like my wife's. A dove among crows is a woman who will smile at any one and speak to any one, whether she knows him or not. The dove is gentle and unworldly. The crow is predatory and worldly. My wife was unworldly. She looked at the matter with the eyes of the heart. That is the kind of vision the heart cannot understand—the dove's-eye view.'"

The man is mistaken. The world does understand the dove's-eye view. The world does appreciate the girl who comes from the country, like this one, and according to him, looks around New York as a child looks at a toy-shop, with the same delightful wonder.

Yes, the world knows this look just as the husband does. Yet the world usually refuses to recognize the "innocent" dove in the woman who secretly enjoys the friendship of another woman's husband and accepts jewelry from him. It rightfully finds it difficult to realize that such a woman is a pure white dove, and that others who do similar things are "naughty crows."

Every "other woman" knows, no matter how innocent she may be, that she is doubtless wounding some wife when she encourages the attention of that woman's husband. There are ways and means of adjusting these things honorably. If either party feels he or she has lost the love of the other, no legal suit can hold them together. The laws of man are made to break such bonds.

The honorable person is off with the old bond and is on with the new. The old idea of "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder" has outgrown its legal usefulness in keeping people together that were not intended to be together. It is a dangerous doctrine that the husband of this "dove" attempts to teach. He may have confidence enough in his wife to allow such unusual liberties, but while his theories along these lines may be ideal, they will be applauded only for some future day hundreds of years hence.

To-day we are living in a world of temptations and frailties of human nature. It is not easily conceivable that all women are "innocent" doves who act as this one did. It is wise to question such innocence. At least every wife has reason to suspect the woman who carries on clandestine companionship with the husband she herself has taken for her very own.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"HERE'S Willie!" asked Mr. Jarr, as he seated himself at the table after Gertrude, the light running domestic, had sounded the tocsin.

"He's like his father; he doesn't care how he delays Gertrude and his mother!" replied Mrs. Jarr. "But if you and he weren't given anything to eat when you came late to meals there'd be some change in your behavior!"

At this point Master Jarr came sliding in quietly and took his seat at the table.

"Why didn't you wash your wrists?" asked his mother. "Do you go to school like that? What does the teacher think?"

"Maw, can I have five cents? Our gang's got a baseball club and we each have to give five cents for buying a baseball."

Mrs. Jarr's reply was that Master Jarr should eat his soup, as he was keeping everybody waiting.

"I don't want any soup," whined the boy. "Soup gives me a headache!"

"You'll eat your soup or you'll get a whipping!" admonished his mother. "And there's rice pudding for dessert, and you'll eat that, too!"

This fact brought to his attention made the boy disclaim any desire for the dessert in question. He said it hurt his throat.

"If I eat all my soup and if I eat all my rice pudding, can I go to the moving pictures?" asked the little Jarr girl.

"No, you cannot!" said Mrs. Jarr. Whereupon the little girl commenced to cry and a tear fell in her soup, whereat her brother laughed and so did she.

"Why don't you correct them?" asked Mrs. Jarr of her husband. "Such manners at the table I never saw!"

Mr. Jarr shook his finger at the children and told them not to annoy their mother.

"They don't annoy me half as much as you do," said Mrs. Jarr. "At least, they don't read the newspapers at the table!"

Mr. Jarr started guiltily and put down the newspaper, and having gotten her whole family into subjection Mrs. Jarr served the second course and then looked around and remarked: "My goodness! There isn't a funeral in the house. Why is everybody so glum?"

Whereupon Master Jarr, thinking to enliven the proceedings, started to whistle.

Mrs. Jarr silenced him with a look. Then she said: "And why shouldn't the children see the moving pictures?"

"I didn't say they shouldn't," spoke up Mr. Jarr.

"And can I have some more rice pudding?" asked Master Jarr. "I'll eat a whole lot if Paw will take us to the moving pictures!"

"I want to go, too!" cried little Miss Jarr. And fearful that she would be left out of the proposed evening's pleasure, she commenced to cry again.

"Isn't it enough to try the patience of a saint?" exclaimed Mrs. Jarr. "Here, when we try to give the children some pleasure they act like little savages!"

At these dire words little Miss Jarr checked her emotion, and after dinner the Jarr family moved on in a mass formation to the movies.

"Anyway," said Mrs. Jarr, as they arrived in time to see "The Horrors of Helium Bathbaths" displayed on the screen, "they are good children and deserve a little pleasure!"

The Woman of It.

By Helen Rowland.

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SHE PREFERS A SWEET LIE TO THE BITTER TRUTH.

"HOW do I look to-day?" inquired the Widow, with a challenging smile, as she floated into the library, a radiant vision of spring loveliness, rustling with new silk, and crowned with imported roses.

The Bachelor caught his breath. "Shall I tell you the truth, the whole truth, and?"

"Goodness, gracious—NO!" broke in the Widow, putting up her small white-gloved hand in horror. "Tell me one thing in the world that will make me feel most pleased with myself. A man once did tell me the truth, and I have never forgotten—nor forgiven him!"

"Poor devil!" murmured the Bachelor. "What did he tell you?"

"He told me that he wanted to marry me, Mr. Weatherby."

"Oh, that may not have been the truth," suggested the Bachelor, cheerfully.

"But," explained the Widow, as the Bachelor helped her into his car and started the machine and the Bachelor assured her that it wasn't for her beauty, nor my charm, nor my cleverness, but merely because he thought I would make him a SENSIBLE wife!"

"Ye gods!" exclaimed the Bachelor. "If he would tell you that before marriage, what would he have told you afterward?"

"Exactly!" rejoined the Widow, with a shudder. "Oh, these dear little would-be 'George Washingtons'! They are the only people in the world that I hate, Mr. Weatherby."

"Don't you hate a liar?" inquired the Bachelor, in astonishment.

"How One Hates Him! But—"

"O H, yes, of course—figuratively, theoretically, and—and all that," acknowledged the Widow. "But not while he's lying to me. Besides, it depends on the KIND of liar he happens to be. For instance, one of the sweetest, finest, kindest men I know is an incorrigible liar—simply because he is too tender-hearted to tell anybody the disagreeable truth. He always goes to all kinds of pains to think out just the one nice thing to say to you that will keep you feeling most pleased with yourself."

"Hat!" exclaimed the Bachelor admiringly. "Goes about the world spreading sweeties and light, eh?"

"Yes, and vanity, and self-esteem, and happiness!" declared the Widow; "because the secret of being happy is to feel pleased with YOURSELF!"

"Great Scott!" scoffed the Bachelor. "How happy most of us should be!"

"And the only people we really dislike or fear, after all, are those who make us feel DISPLEASED with ourselves!" continued the Widow, ignoring the cynicism; "those who make us feel cheap, or insignificant, or uncomfortable, or false, or false, or false, or unattractive, or uninteresting—those who persist in reminding us of our little shortcomings and in keeping our faults and failings constantly before our minds. Isn't that true?"

"Yes," agreed the Bachelor with a groan. "And it's always our 'dearest friends' and those who have promised to 'love, honor and cherish' us, who can't refrain from doing that sort of thing! They go on the basis that truth is the greatest thing in the world, and an honest man is the noblest work of God, I suppose, and—"

"But truth isn't the greatest thing in the world," broke in the Widow. "It's LOVE! The kind of love that makes us gentle toward one another, tender sensibilities. And the 'honest man' who persists in reminding us of our defects is our worst enemy! The person who robs you of your self-esteem, your self-confidence and your vanity is a whole lot more wicked and cruel than the professional burglar who merely takes your money and your jewelry. That's why so many married people look so droopy and hopeless after a few years. It isn't the struggles or the responsibilities of matrimony; it's the constant battle to keep their vanity and self-esteem that has worn them out. It's the effect of the two-edged criticism and the bitter, burning truths they feel privileged to exchange, on the ground that they 'love one another.' The average wife gets so, after awhile, that she never puts on a new hat or a new frock with any hope that it will look right or please her husband. And the average husband gets so that he never tells his wife anything or starts a conversation around the house, because he is filled with the mortal fear of hearing a lecture or a discussion of his shortcomings. They live under an eternal cloud of criticism that just chokes out all their personality and radiance and spontaneity. And, of course, they naturally become drab-looking and uninteresting. It's too bad!"

"Lies for Husbands!"

"H EAR, hear!" cried the Bachelor. "More lies for husbands!"

"Not MORE lies!" corrected the Widow, "but a few lies of the right kind. Not the lies told for self-protection, but nice, sweet doses of flattery. The best elixir of youth, the most potent stimulant, the one sure beautifier is a daily dose of flattery skillfully applied! If you keep on telling a man how big and strong and fine and clever and good he is, he'll soon begin to believe it, and he'll soon begin to believe in himself. And if you keep on telling a woman how beautiful and tender and pure and sweet and witty and stylish she is, she'll blossom like a rose in the sun, and the first thing you know your 'lies' will have become the truth!"

"I know it! I know it!" cried the Bachelor, accusingly. "You're talking new thoughts!"

"It may be new thoughts," answered the Widow, with conviction, "but it's old, old wisdom—the old wisdom of the Garden of Eden! And now, she added, smiling challengingly, "you may tell me how I look to-day."

"You look," said the Bachelor, regarding her keenly between half-closed eyelids, "like a whole peach orchard in the sunlight—and that's no lie!"

"Oh, the truth is all right," said the Widow, encouragingly, "if it happens to be pleasant and flattering. But don't let me interrupt you. Go on!"

The seas are quiet when the winds give over. So calm are we, when passions are no more. —WALLER.

For the Easter Shopper

IF you haven't taken the time to select an Easter gift for your dear ones, stop to-day on your way home and purchase a plant. Easter suggests flowers and the markets this year are overstocked with plants and flowers, so it is possible for you to bring Easter cheer to the tired wife or mother who toils at home.

The invalid will appreciate this token of remembrance and this is a good medium for expressing your gratitude to those who have done you good service—the janitor, for instance. The cook will appreciate a plant for the kitchen window, and it would increase her happiness, and possibly her services, if a coin was suspended from the branch or a greenback twisted about the stem or adjusted as a pennant.

A plant brightens the home and, as it is enjoyed by the entire family circle, it makes an ideal family gift. Limited means are scarcely an excuse for the absence of flowers in the home. A plant can be purchased for as low as 10 cents. A pot of pansies makes an attractive gift, and a very nice one can be had at 8 cents. A plant can be purchased at the florist's buy a bunch of cut flowers from the boy in the street. You can get a bunch of sweet peas for 5 cents. The young lady might appreciate a corsage bouquet to wear in the Easter parade.

If you desire to make the gift more pretentious select a receptacle for the flowers and present them together. The shops always make special displays of these articles at Easter time, but there has never been such a varied assortment as this year. A glass vase would set off the bouquet beautifully, and for the corsage bouquet there are pretty colored vases, in prevailing boudoir shades, that sell at 75 cents and \$1. For the single flower bouquet there are slender vases at 24 cents. In jardiniere there is a large choice in shapes and styles. The dull blue and green ware at 69 cents is popular, and that at 29 cents is by no means cheap looking. Something new is a combination of green and brown tones. These are 97 cents, and there are fern dishes at the same price. A jardiniere in carved stone is \$4.49. A pretty low dish for tulips, hyacinths or pansies is 79 cents. The basket is an attractive medium for presenting cut flowers, and florists are making large and varied displays of these.

Many shops are featuring artificial plants, and since these are now such excellent reproductions they are preferred by housewives. The present you can get a bunch of sweet peas for 5 cents. The young lady might appreciate a corsage bouquet to wear in the Easter parade.

Facts Not Worth Knowing.

By Arthur Baer.

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T HEN thousand microbes can bivouac on a pinhead, and all of 'em will be comfortably seated too.

Employers' Liability Law does not recompense servants for inflamed eyes contracted by peeping through draughty keyholes.

William Jennings Bryan is absolutely certain that an invading fleet could never get over the Rocky Mountains.

Out of 96,376 people sharing party wires in Chicago, the telephone inspectors found that 96,376 had sprained ears.

When read in order of their printing, the words in the dictionary don't make any sense at all.

When nine New York men and one woman board a subway train the woman generally gets a seat when one of the nine gets off at his station.

An expedition has discovered a river in South America inhabited by alimony paying fish who talked in their sleep.